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# The time I hired a hitman on myself

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## Chapter 1 by TheFarLeftShark

So it all started about 4 weeks ago. I'm sitting in my office bored as all hell staring blankly into my computer, counting each individual white pixel on that god damn screen. As I'm staring off into space, enjoying the peace and quiet of my own little world, I start thinking to myself "How did I end up this way? My life has boiled down to me sitting in this fucking cubicle for 8 hours a day, eating, and sleeping." I sure as hell didn't grow up thinking, "Boy I'd sure like to spend the rest of my life filing acquisitions for some soul draining corporation!" I mean I make good money, sure, but I don't even feel human anymore, it's like I'm just going through the motions. I have no kids, no girlfriend, no family that actually want anything to do with me; I'm completely alone. I need some adventure in my life again, some excitement. Fuck anything is better than what I'm doing right now. I was snapped out of thinking how pathetic my life was by my annoying ass boss asking me if I had finished with this weeks paper work. I hadn't yet, but I lied and told him I did. He told me in his "I'm superior to you" tone to have it on his desk tomorrow morning. Ya I'll get right on that, you self centered prick. I finished up with the form I had been working on and turned off my computer. It was 5 PM, signaling the end of another meaningless day. I got home and started thinking about what I could do to make life a bit more fun. I went through the usual ideas of a vacation, moving to a new city, maybe even a new car; yet they all

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into my head, what if I hired a hitman on myself. It would be like a game of cat and mouse, and the punishment for getting caught would be of course, death. I was curious to see what their guidelines were, and to see how far they would go to eliminate a target. So I emailed them saying I had a problem I wanted to get rid of. Within 3 hours I got a response back, informing me of all the details of the business and the range of prices it would cost me. I didn't respond right away, allowing myself time to think carefully of what I would be getting myself into. The more I thought about it, the more excited I got. This was the ultimate adventure game, like a real life video game. I would have someone that would spend night and day hunting me down, and I would have to spend all my time hunting them down. The first person to find the other wins, and the loser dies. It was perfect.

So I went into work the next day, knowing that it would be my last day there. I did what every cubicle monkey dreams of doing, I told my boss that he can go fuck himself, told the smoking hot receptionist that I wanted to bend her over her desk and fuck her brains out, and destroyed every last form and file I had in that shit hole prison just to make things harder for all the douchebags I worked with. Then I got to work on setting everything up. I went out and bought myself some new toys at the local gun store. Bought myself a new 9mm glock, a PS-90 assault rifle, and my crown jewel, a Barret 50 cal. sniper rifle. I also stopped by this nifty little spy store in my city and picked up a few things. A few objects with discrete cameras in them that allowed me to watch them through my phone, bug detectors, and a voice changer. I then took \$30,000 from my savings account and converted it into Bitcoins. After all that was completed, I contacted the man who had first emailed me and gave him all of my info, and told him that this man would be very hard to catch as he travels a lot, and that he may be armed. I told him that I didn't want just one of their regular cleaners on this job, I wanted the best they had to offer. Shortly after sending the email, I received a message back informing the that they would send one of the best, but it would cost a bit more. He also said that as soon as I sent the payment they would get started. The last line of the email he sent me made me realize shit was going to get serious very quickly "Just a quick warning for you, once the payment is sent and confirmed there is no going back. The job will be taken care of and there's nothing that can be done to stop it." Perfect. I sent the payment immediately, and got a conformation email back that it was

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I knew I couldn't stay at my house as it would be to obvious. I put one of the 10 cameras I bought at the door of my apartment so I could see what he looked like. I realized I needed a faster car then my shitty Preaus. I whent down to the local ford dealer ship as I was looking I seen it a Mustang Shelby GT 500. I was reading the side of it said it goes 200 mph. I knew it was the one as it was black my color I whent to the ATM and drew out my life savings. 200k I managed two fit it all in my hoodie and pockets I paid the 55k for it. I started it up drove two my house I put the guns and a duffle bag full of money in it I put on my bulletproof vest under my leather jacket and put on my knew shades. Then I felt a stinging in my back like someone wiped a ball at me. It was the hitman i heard the bullet 2 seconds later I jumped in my car and gassed it I hit 60 miles in 2 second a cars tailing me.

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